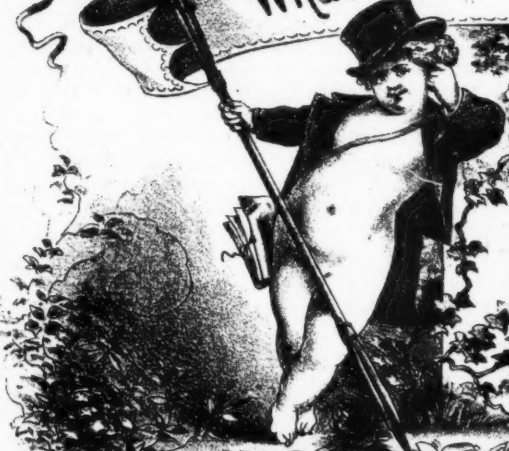


VOL. IX.-No. 229.

JULY 27, 1881.

Price, 10 Cents.

"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

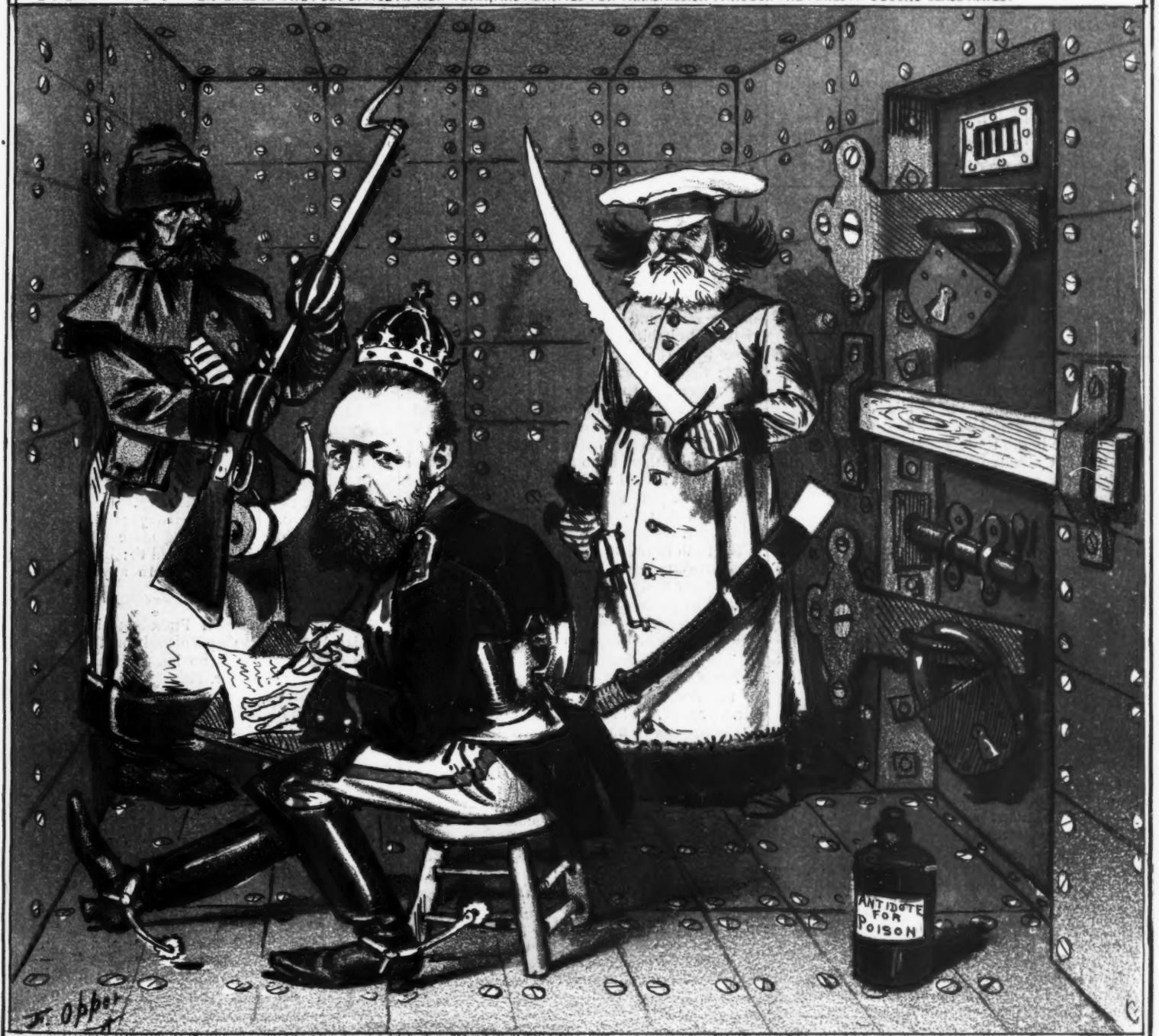


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THE CZAR GETTING UP HIS LITTLE LETTER OF CONDOLENCE TO PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

[From a Sketch by a Nihilistic Officer of the Czar's Body-guard.]

PUCK.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

"PETEOVITSCHKY," said the Czar to his trusted confidential servant: "has the guard been doubled around my library?"

"Yes, Your Majesty," replied the faithful Peteovitschky.

"Have the artillerists been up to test the iron plating?"

"Yes, Mighty Ruler."

"Has the last mine been filled up?"

"Yes, Supreme Highness."

"Is the bomb-tester working?"

"Yes, Unlimited Potency."

"Is my iron chest-protector hanging in a convenient place?"

"Yes, Serene Illustriousness."

"And my chilled-steel liver pad?"

"Yes, Gracious Mightiness."

"And have your clothes been searched for Nihilist documents?"

"Yes, Paternal Benificence."

"Then," said the Great Czar, meditatively: "I think I'll go in and write my note of condolence to the President of the United States; and offer him the loan of one of my tin overcoats."

Now, what does that brute over there in Peterhof know about the situation of affairs in the United States? What letter of condolence can he write understandingly? The animal cannot think of reason. If he could, he would not be engaged in making a burglar-proof safe of his summer residence. It may never have occurred to you—for even to us republican Americans there seems something more than mortal about these kings and other self-elected rulers, in their illogical and irrational power and arrogance—it may not have occurred to you that if the Czar of all the Russias had a title of the reasoning powers of the butcher-boy who casts his first vote in the Sixth Ward of New York City, he would be a free man to-day, instead of being the miserable slave of his own selfish folly.

The Czar of all the Russias, who holds life and death in his hands, and uses his power with conscienceless brutality, dares not and cannot walk one hundred yards, alone and unattended, in the streets of St. Petersburg. Yet to-morrow he could promenade through the slums and roll on the grass in the parks, if he felt so inclined. With a stroke of the pen he might give himself this freedom. Why does he not do so? Because his dull and sluggish brain has never yet really entertained the idea of freeing his people with himself. He has never thought what a glorious bargain he might make with the millions who suffer, that he may have the cold and delusive pretence of power and happiness. On his part he can give them Justice—a Constitutional Monarchy—Popular Suffrage—Legislative Representation. On their part they can give him Love, Reverence, Devotion. He has only to yield up the shameful privileges of a tyrant to be crowned with the holy attributes of a saint. Where a million hands are now raised to strike him, a million hearts would drain their life-blood to spare him a pang. Ah; if the Czar could only think!

It is simply nonsense to talk of excusing a man from doing his duty towards society because he has been brought up not to do it. That is the case with the thief who comes of a family of thieves. We are sorry when we have to punish him for indulging his hereditary taste, and making use of his criminal education. But we know that it is a case where the individual must suffer for the benefit of the many. There were thousands of good people down south who could see no wrong in keeping slaves. Their fathers and their grandfathers had kept slaves; slaves were mentioned in the Bible; they themselves were of a race distinct from the slaves. We could not convince these people that they were doing wrong, and they had to go through a great deal of unhappiness, and we had to make many sacrifices before we could set the unspeakable wrong right. Probably, of course, many of them believe to this day that they have been hardly used; though there must be some whose eyes are opened, and who see that happiness does not always consist in making other people unhappy. The Czar, no doubt, is quite unable to see that there is any harm in being an absolute tyrant. But there is no reason why his mental deficiencies should be respected at the cost of a world of agony to all the poor folks who did not come of the very disreputable family to which Mr. Alexander of Russia belongs. This is the truth of the matter, and this is the reason why there is no possible parallel between the cases of the Czar and the President. When the Nihilists killed the late Czar it was a nation against one man. When Guiteau struck down President Garfield it was one man against a nation.

President Garfield, in spite of the squabbles of the doctors and the annoyance caused by Mr. Cyrus W. Field's patronizing subscription list, continues to improve. It is scarcely too much to hope that in a few more weeks he will have made sufficient progress towards complete recovery, to enable him to give some attention to his official duties. The country rejoices at the prospect; and good may come out of evil, for better government will be the result. Guiteau's brutal shot has killed many of the political opponents of President James A. Garfield. Sympathy for him has chastened their opposition and bitterness, and with the exception of men of the Arthur and Conkling stamp, who represent the worst of the objectionable features of American machine politics, everybody—whether he be Democrat or Republican—is ready to render a helping hand to facilitate the administration of the government. If the President completely recovers—that is to say, be-

comes as strong and robust, mentally and physically, as he was before the murderous performance of the crazy assassin Guiteau—he may thank his excellent constitution for it. He has lived so frugally, his habits have been so regular, he has done so much healthy work, without committing excess, that even with a cruel bullet in his body his chances of living to a good old age are probably greater than of many men who have never denied themselves any luxury. The President has almost as good a constitution as that of the United States.

Both have had a great deal to put up with. Everybody knows how the constitution of the President has been tried. But let us also consider how the no less healthy constitution of the United States has its strength tested. The monopolists are working all the time to ruin it. Their methods are as bold as they are vigorous. General Grant is the man that would have best answered their purposes, and they have not yet despaired of carrying out their purposes through somebody equally pliable. But we don't think now that they will do it with Mr. Garfield. We doubt if his views have the imperialistic character of those of the would-be third-termer Grant. There is another disease which threatens our otherwise well-regulated constitution: it is the plague of office-seekers. It is a dangerous malady, and its cure cannot be a speedy one.

Ultimately, however, it will be thoroughly eradicated, and mere begging for patronage and office will become one of the traditions of the past. "To the victors belong the spoils" is a very pretty, but unwholesome doctrine, and will, we hope, be wiped out with the office-seeker scourge. Perhaps the mildest forms of disease which have made our constitution feel uncomfortable are cold water and the Roman Catholic Church. Neither of these things, in its way, is specially objectionable. Cold water, under some circumstances, is good both to drink and to wash in; but there are other fluids which at times are much more acceptable. Those who wish to confine themselves to water are welcome to do it; but they must not make fools of themselves publicly by cramming their weak-kneed doctrines down the throats of people who can drink liquor without necessarily making beasts of themselves. As for the Roman Catholic Church, it is just as good as any other, neither better nor worse—perhaps it is even better in its thorough consistency. It has only shown on few occasions a tendency to rub against our constitution, in claiming more privileges under it than it is justly entitled to; but it will in time learn to know better. In any case it hasn't hurt us much yet.

When this number of PUCK gets into the hands of its readers they will find that the great State of New York is no longer Senatorless. Mr. Miller succeeds Mr. Platt. Mr. Miller is a paper manufacturer and a gentleman whose only claim to consideration lies in his having, as a member of Congress, advocated his own business interests. Mr. Lapham, who is his colleague, has still less claim to the confidence of the citizens of New York. But we don't know that it matters much. Messrs. Miller and Lapham can't be much worse than Messrs. Conkling and Platt, and anything is a relief from the daily repetition of the disgraceful farce. Mr. Conkling's fatuous followers have stuck to him throughout. Their devotion was worthy of a better cause. It was the old guard—"it never surrenders, it dies;" and we hope—of course politically—its leader will die with it. We hope so because there was never any occasion for such a sacrifice. If Mr. Conkling had been a Statesman, instead of a small-minded politician, he would still be a member of the Senate.

FAMILIAR DIALOGUES.

Dialogue XVII.—With an Apothecary.

CITIZEN.—I want a box of Blenkinsop's tooth-powder.

APOTHECARY.—[*No violent effort of the imagination is required to conceive of the line of argument adopted by the Apothecary.*]

C.—Yes, I want it for myself.

A.—.....

C.—Yes, for my own teeth. You don't suppose I'm going to wander around the streets polishing off the teeth of the populace, do you? Or maybe you fancy I've got a contract to keep a dentist's show-case in order, or something of that style?

A.—.....

C.—It will hurt my teeth, will it? That suits me. I've been trying for ten years to hurt my teeth with that particular powder; and if I can do it now I shall probably be able to get damages out of the manufacturers.

A.—.....

C.—You don't mean to tell me that you sell a powder of your own? Who buys it?

A.—.....

C.—I don't deny that it is a nice powder. I don't deny that it is nicer than Blenkinsop's. That's the reason I don't buy it. I don't want my teeth to get accustomed to too much style in their powder. They're only common teeth anyway, and if they get to putting on too many airs they will get too big for my mouth. Blenkinsop's is good enough for me.

A.—.....

C.—Well, if your tooth-powder is compounded without the deleterious ingredients used in the preparation of Blenkinsop's, it won't suit me. I just revel in deleterious ingredients. I was brought up on deleterious ingredients, and I can't get along without them.

A.—.....

C.—My friend, if you could realize the number of sleepless nights that I have sat up trying to yellow my teeth, you would understand with what joy I hail a preparation which you assure me will have that effect. To get a neat set of gamboge teeth has been the ambition of my life.

A.—.....

C.—Yes, *I will* take Blenkinsop's tooth-powder, if you please. The general drift of my conversation for the past five minutes has tended that way.

A.—.....

C.—Thank you, I want the smaller size—the little twenty-five cent size—I'm only a sort of a twenty-five cent man, anyway.

A.—.....

C.—Yes, I know that the fifty-cent size is larger, and will last me longer; but if half what you have said is true, this little bottle is quite enough to ruin my jaws forever. As a matter of benevolence and humanity, you ought not to wish to have the whole head eaten off me by this diabolical invention of Blenkinsop's.

A.—.....

C.—I don't believe you can sell me a tooth-brush. You can try, if you are really anxious to find out. You have made me miss one train already, by your little lecture on the demerits of Blenkinsop's tooth-powder. I have an hour to spare; and I am perfectly willing to spend it in convincing you that you can't sell me a tooth brush.

A.—.....

C.—Of course it is a genuine imported English soft-bristle tooth-brush; but, you see, it is of no use to me. It is customary among the people with whom I associate to go over the teeth first with a harrow, and then to polish them off with a blacking-brush; and I should not like to introduce any wild innovations.

A.—.....

C.—I may want a package of tooth-picks next

week, when my diamond-mounted double gold bladed pick is worn out; but not at present, thank you.

A.—.....

C.—A tongue-scraper is a useful invention; but, you see, I have no tongue. I bit it off, two years ago, trying to convince an apothecary that I did not want to buy out the whole store. Thank you for the Blenkinsop, and ta ta!

RHYMES OF THE DAY.

THE TIMID SOUTHERNER.

A sensitive miss from Mobile
Cried: "Horrors! how nervous I file;
I'm sure there's a mouse
Concealed in the house,
And eating the Indian mile."

TARDY REPENTANCE.

A vender of milk from Milwaukee
Having paid for a horse that proved baukee,
Became much depressed
And fully confessed
How it happened his milk was so chaukee.

PRIDE IN THE KITCHEN.

A cook who had several receipts
For serving up poultry and meits,
When asked to make pies,
Replied, with surprise:
"I was not employed to cook sweets."

ABANDONED.

JULY 4TH, 1881.



ONE is the lustre of thy
gleaming coat,
Faded to white thy
silk interior's red,
Jagged the ample brim
that used to float
The feverish sunlight
from my aching
head.
Drifted—and down the
cataract of years,
The sufferer of many
a base indignity,
I see thy grim advance
through eyes whose
tears
But multiply as mem-
ory grows more
free.

Pleasure hath been thy lot, and sorrow too;
Pleasure—when thou arose with graceful twirl,
And posed as if a kiss to chastely strew,
Responsive to the nod of some fair girl.
And sorrow, too—that night when Minnie hummed
And sat upon thee. Ah! how wild thy rage
That other night, when her young brother gummied
Thy sweat-band all around with mucilage?

Ah me! it saddens thee, old boy, to know
How well I loved her—every wrinkled flounce
Upon her dress; and sadder didst thou grow
The night I got the everlasting bounce.
But, then—not nights alone have seen thee sunk
In dark surcease of grief—oh, crying shame!
I've kicked thee down because I was too drunk
To keep upon my head thy circling frame!

We parted months ago; I gave thee then
Unto a poorer man that thou might yet
Meet the appreciative gaze of men
With some soiled trace of thy old etiquette.
But soon he laid thee by, until a tramp
Asked that from idleness thou be unloosed,
To bear potatoes, stolen, to his hidden camp—
To hush the murmurs of the chicken-roost.

Vanished! Oh, Gods of Summer, mutter low;
Zephyr sweet, come and fluff the satir band;
For beauty cannot always live, you know,
And Time revolves a quick, destructive hand.
Little is left; yet still, maybe, renown
Did well to bring thee forward here to aid
Effects grotesque on a Fantastique's crown—
The worst old dicer in to-day's parade!

EDWARD WICK.

Puckeringings.

THE weight of a bale of hay is governed entirely by the capacity of the team following the wagon.

"THERE is only one side to this question," as the father said when he began to spank the upturned boy.

THERE are no mosquitoes at Bergen Point. [This lie took the prize at the New Jersey State Agricultural Fair.]

"DON'T give up the ship"—particularly if it's a schooner," said one of the denizens of the East side in a saloon.

THE Cyrus W. Field Garfield fund is described by the New York *Star* as "still swelling." Is this because it has received a black eye?

THE sale of the Revised New Testament has somewhat fallen off; there are a great many people who are willing to wait for the revised Revised Edition.

IF Euclid were alive now he would alter some of his definitions. He would have defined "a point" as the American navy, which hath no parts nor magnitude.

EMMA ABBOTT has stated to a reporter that she does not really kiss the tenor. It is said that the applications for the position of tenor in her company have lately been remarkably numerous.

"How are you, Mr. Clover? Don't you remember Jim Jackson?" said a sharper to a countryman the other day.

"Ah! Certainly! Can you lend me a dollar, Brother Jackson?"
Mr. Jackson departed down a side street.

THERE are two men in America who are bound to have notoriety or perish in the attempt. The one is Charles J. Guiteau, the other Cyrus W. Field.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

What we can't Guiteauver is that they both get what they're bound to have, and they are neither much on the perish.

THE recent marriage of two deaf mutes in Reading, Pa., reminds us that female deaf mutes are not appreciated as they deserve to be. They are Nature's noblest work, always make capital wives, and can never give the fortunate husband a curtain lecture when he comes home late from the lodge.

TELEPHONE conversation between the Pope at the Vatican, Rome, and the Czar, at his palace at Peterhoff:

POPE:—"Helloa!"

CZAR:—"Hellovsky!"

POPE:—"Area youa goinga outa to-daya?"

CZAR:—"Notoff to-dayakoff; too muchavitch dynamitisky aboutavitch. Are youimoff?"

POPE:—"Not to-daya, some othera daya; too manya ruda and godless mena abouta."

As illustrative of the peculiar workings of Southern politics, this truthful incident is reported.

General Wade Hampton, finding Billy Mahone hoeing corn one day in the field, the following was the result:

GEN. W. H.—"Gwine to de ball to-night?"

B. M.—"Not dis night."

GEN. W. H.—"Some yother night?"

B. M.—"Good night."

And he lit out. [*And he done tuck out.*]

A BLUE FISHER.

NEW YORK, July 25th, 1881.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

I wish to ask you whether my experience is exceptional, or whether I am only one of many victims of an absurd popular delusion. From childhood's earliest hour I have heard of the delights of blue-fishing. Circumstances over which my employers have more control than I always prevented my reveling in those delights until last week. A man cannot serve both blue-fishing and Mammon; and I have been serving Mammon at fifteen dollars a week for the past ten years. The dry-goods firm of Kersey, Schurz & Co. represents Mammon in my case. But last week I got off for a day to go blue-fishing with a select party.

We started from our boarding-place, down on Staten Island, at five o'clock in the morning. The rosy-fingered Aurora, illuminating the eastern sky, was very pretty; but a particularly poor substitute for the cheering and invigorating matutinal cocktail.

When we got down to the beach, we found two brigands awaiting us. I thought they were tramps, until I was told that they were the sailors who were to take us out. One of them wore a silk hat, a white shirt with a diamond pin in it, and a pair of overalls. The other had a distant suggestion of the nautical about him, in that he sported a blue flannel shirt, and smelled like the back yard of an oyster-house.

These two gentlemen both said that it was too rough to go "outside" after blue-fish. Then all the other members of the party examined the water very closely, and agreed that it was too rough to go outside after blue-fish. I did not wish to be left hopelessly out in the cold, so I said it was too rough to go outside after blue-fish.

Then we all got into the yacht, being transferred to her by means of a small and leaky skiff, and started off. I was kept pretty busy, for the next hour, in dodging the boom, a kind of exaggerated policeman's club, which was swinging about just on a line with my ears. Every time it swung one way, the water would come in on that side. As soon as the moistened half of me got dry, the boom would swing over, and I would feel about half a ton of dampness on the other side of me. In my first moment of leisure I inquired where we were going. I was informed that we were going outside after blue-fish. I said nothing; but I got into an alleged cabin in the foreward end of the boat, and thought a good deal.

About ten o'clock we got outside. "Outside" means outside of Sandy Hook, on the bosom of the Ocean. Anybody can get an idea of what it feels like to be on the bosom of the Ocean by tying two or three earthquakes together and lying down on them.

As soon as we got out, everybody said that it was too rough for blue-fish, and we turned around and came back. Up there in the bows of the boat I did some tall wondering as to why we had gone out if we knew beforehand that we ought not to have; but from feelings of delicacy—delicacy of a mixed nature—I refrained from making any comments.

I doubt if I should have received a satisfactory answer, in any case. With the exception of the two brigands who were fooling with the ropes and things, every other member of the party was lying on his face in the bottom of the boat. One fellow explained to me that he was doing it so as not to scare the blue-fish. But I believe his mind was wandering.

When we got "inside" again, into comparatively smooth water, so that we could sit up on our elbows and try to look as if we could have smiled if we had wanted to, I asked where we were going; and learned that we were going somewhere else after some other kind of fish—

I don't know exactly what it was—sword-fish, maybe, or mountain trout.

We got there about two o'clock. I had spent the interval in trying to wring the salt water out of the sandwiches, and then trying to eat them. In neither effort was I very successful. And when I got through I wished I had been even less successful.

Then the brigands gave us poles and lines, and set us to fishing for whatever the fish was. I took only a languid interest in the proceedings; and I am afraid my temper was not in the best possible condition; for when I felt the rod jerked roughly out of my hand, I told one of the brigands, who was the nearest man to me, that I never did like practical joking, anyhow, and that if he would come on shore I would lick him for a cent and a half. Then he swore at me in a disgraceful way, and made it clear to me that I had lost a good bite.

But I believed, for some time, that the other brigand had dived under the boat when we were not looking, and nibbled off the bait, just to encourage us; for, as the fleeting hours fled, we hung on to those poles, and all that we even heard of a fish was the brigand's lamentations over the one he alleged I had lost. On each side of us we could see other boats, whose occupants were catching fish about as fast as they could haul them in. We suggested to the brigands that a change of scene would be advisable.

"No, sir," said the nautical brigand: "this here is the only place where you 're certain of ketchin' fish, ef y'only stay long enough. Them fish over there is only there temporary-like. Now you stay here till the wind changes, 'n' you 'll have more 'n' you ken kerry home."

Then he went off, and he and the other brigand ate up our lunch, and went to sleep. When they woke up, about five o'clock, we asked him if the wind had changed. He said it had, and that if we wanted to get back in time to get something cold left over from dinner, we would have to start right away.

My nose is sunburnt.

Have I been treated as a man and a blue-fisher?

Yours inquiringly,

ADOLPHUS PONGEE TOWLING.

[We think, Mr. Towling, that you have been played for all you are worth.—ED. PUCK.]

LOUISE.

PASSING, I saw my book of rhymes
Lying neglected on her knees,
And so I said, I'll just drop in
And chat awhile with fair Louise.

For she was fair as Helen was,
And then I loved her tenderly;
Her voice was like the song of birds,
Her white arms tapered slenderly.

I bent above her upturned face,
And should you wish to question why;—
Perhaps to whisper something low
Of lovers coming thro' the rye.

Her breath I'd drunk a hundred times,
And knew it was as sweet as wine;
But, oh! her breath that afternoon
Was rarer than a breath divine.

It was a hint of heaven to me,
And so I said. Just then I saw,
Concealed behind my last bouquet,
A half-sipped julep and a straw.

R. W. CRISWELL.

THIRD EDITION:

PUCK ON WHEELS.

Price, Twenty-five Cents.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CLXXXII.

A REPORTED MARRIAGE.



Ya-as, I weceived
a lettah the othah
day about Lorne's
bwothah's marwiage.

Lorne, ye know,
is aw Governah-Gen-
erwal of Canada. He
is one of Argyle's
boys, and marwied
a daughtah of Queen
Victorwiah—the
Pwincess Louise. I

passed a verwy plea-
sant two or thrwee weeks, some time ago, at
their wesidence at Ottawa in Canada. They
did everwything to make my visit agweeable.

Well, aw it is not a verwy extwaordinarwy
thing for Englishmen to marwy Amerwican
gyurls aw. I've done it myself, and so has
Mandeville, and Churchill, and a lot of othah
decent fellaws, to numerwous to mention.

I have fwequently enlarged on the attwac-
tions of the Amerwican female cweachah, and
it is therefaw nevah a mattah of surprwse to me
when some decent fellow carwies one of them
off. He marwies her, as a wule, because he
admi-ahs her in the first place, and perwhaps
also because she has an extwensive dowrwy.

But this rumah of the appwoaching marwiage
of Lorne's bwothah, Colin, ye know, has, I
he-ah, cweated an immense amount of excite-
ment, because I am informed that the young
woman is not considahed, even faw an Amerwi-
can, as belongwng to a wespectable family aw;
on the contrarwy, a gweat many people say her
nearwest fwriends and welatives are outwageously
and widiculously outside society, and that her
mothah is a verwy quee-ah eccentwic female,
who is to some extwnt a public charwactah, and
who does and says things which a large major-
wity of people look upon as scarcely pwopah,
aw indeed, as highly impwopah.

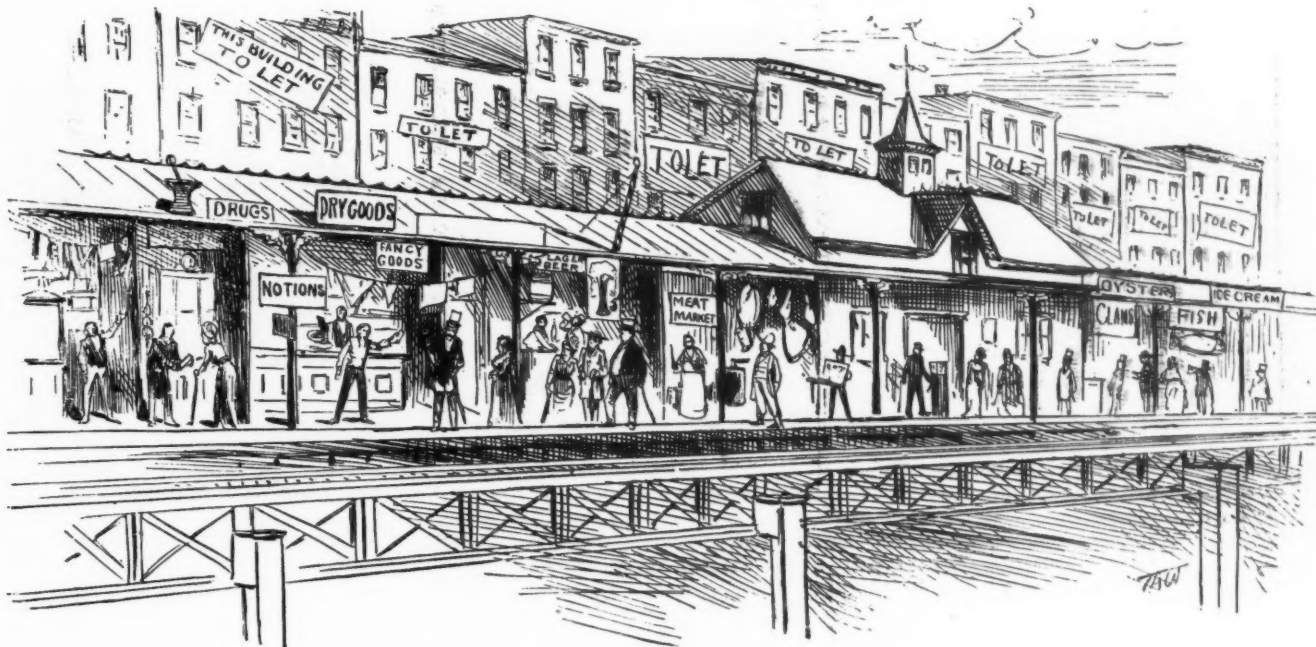
The family, it appe-ahs, has nevah made the
slightest pwetensions to move in what is called
society he-ah, which, I have verwy often said,
is not weal society, but simply a colerwvie of wich
people who happen to know one anothah, and
are not one whit bettah than their neighbors,
upon whom they look down as vastly inferwiah.

This society thinks it is a verwy fwightful
and horwible thing that a fellow like Colin
Campbell, belongwng to an ancient and honor-
wable family, should choose as a matwimomial
partner somebody who is entirely out of the
set which they think is the aw only corwrect
one to belong to.

Now, as a mattah of fact, any Bwitish fellow
of family who contemplates marwywng an Amer-
wican gyurl, does n't care a wap whether she
belongs to the Amerwican arwistocwacy or
not; for there is no Amerwican arwistocwacy.
Everwybody, according to the wepublcan
Constitution, is on pwecisely the same footing,
and can only be bettah than his neighbah by
having maw pwoperty, or a superwiah educa-
tion. It is therfore aw, 'pon my soul, quite too
awfully widiculous to he-ah people he-ah boast-
ing about their pedigwee. As if anybody
worth powdah and shot evah came two or
thrwee hundwed ye-ahs ago to Amerwica fwom
choice! He did it because he was poverty-
stwicken and useless at home.

Equally absurd are some of the claims of
those who pretend to be, and in many instances
are, descended fwom some widiculous Dutch-
men fwom Holland. The fellaws that the
Dutch government in those days appointed to
situations in outlandish Amerwica, were about
on a par with parwish beadies and sherwiff's
officers in Gweat Bwitain at the pwesent time aw.

THE STREETS OF NEW YORK.—No VII.



THEIR PROBABLE RECONSTRUCTION TO SUIT THE STYLE OF THE ELEVATED ROADS.

HON. EPHRAIM MUGGINS.

HE REJOICES AT THE PROSPECT OF THE PRESIDENT'S RECOVERY, AND PROPOSES A PROCESSION OF RE-UNITED REPRESENTATIVES OF AMERICAN SOCIETY WHOM UNHAPPY CIRCUMSTANCES HAVE HERETOFORE SUNDERED.

IF there is any one thing that fills the human soul with more first-class joy than any other thing, which does not fill the soul with so much joy as anything else which does fill the soul with more joy than anything else, it's the extatic satisfaction of knowing that some villain has been foiled in some demoniac designs.

Such joy now thrills the soul of every true and loyal American, of which I am proud to be one of whom—because our President did not fall a victim to the murderous assaults of the mad assassin who attempted to take his life.

The recovery of our honored President, of which we are now assured on the most Blissful medical authority, under these circumstances, is a matter which very properly superinduces enthusiasm in the American breast, and fills us with one universal impulse to shout "Hurrah!" and fire our crackers, guns and pistols, and kick up before and behind, and give loose rein, for the nonce, to the delirious joy that pervades the American system.

It is eminently proper at this time that we should set apart a day of thanksgiving and rejoicing. Let the half squelched "Fourth of July," which was but partially celebrated because of the then precarious condition of the President, be rejuvenated, resuscitated and rehabilitated in all its panoply of smoke and fire and flame, and shout and pound and bang, and boom and toot and whiz. Let her flicker!

I suppose there may be some twinges of dissent in the bosom of the Stalwarts; and the Democrats may have a sort of half-and-half notion that this is no funeral of theirs; but this is no time for party differences—no time for factional bickerings. For that matter, it is nobody's funeral. It is a time when everybody should be glad, no matter who or what he may be.

When the hand of the assassin ruthlessly seeks to deprive our government of its chief executive, he strikes a blow at our national institutions that make strong men weep; and

when he has been thwarted in his nefarious designs—I mean the assassin, and not the strong man—it is—well, never mind that now—that's part of my speech which I expect to get off when the time comes, and I don't want to give it away now—

Let the hatchet be buried and all hands take hold and have a good time.

Let us get up a procession—such a procession as the world has never seen before, and never will again till the dawn of the millenium. Let all rancor and hatred and envy and malice, and deceit and bribery and corruption be for the time forgotten.

Let the lamb come and lie down with the lion, and not be growling around like a dog with a sore head. Let us have such a procession as this:—

Conkling and Blaine.
Grant and Dana.
Tilden and Hayes.
Talmage and Vanduyke.
Lapham and Platt.
Ben Butler and Jeff Davis.

Brass Band, playing "We're a Band of Brothers."
Bob Ingersoll and The Revisers of the New Testament.

Mrs. Tom-ri-jon and A Policeman.
Judge Morris and Jim Dunne.
Judge Hilton and Samuel Isaacs.
Beecher and Theo. Tilton.
Another Band, playing "Old Zip Coon."
Dr. Howard Crosby and Shepherd Cowley.
Bradley and Sessions.
Annie Dickinson and That Philadelphia Manager.
&c., &c., &c.

Which of those good people are lions, and which are lambs, I have no time now to indicate. If any of them have heretofore been regarded as vicious or criminal, it goes without saying that this happy re-union is to be the harbinger of true repentance, and that they will henceforth eschew both vice and crime.

Then let us all strike hands and have a good time and enjoy ourselves. Let the Democratic party enjoy themselves. Let Mr. Conkling especially be happy, and let Nemesis, Lethe and Oblivion forever scoop in all discord, disunion and dissension.

Yours joyously,
EPHRAIM MUGGINS.

A SONG OF FAME.

WHEN youth is past, and age at last
Has grizzled my frosty poll,
When I stand aghast at the chilling blast
From the gloom where the Styx doth roll,
Then a joy shall fill my soul.
By sea-side or river, where'er I go,
By mothers and children, old and young,
I shall hear my songs at twilight sung—
When my beard is as white as snow.

When the span thou hast, O Life, is passed
So near to its destined goal,
That my eyes I cast on the straining mast
Of Death's ship on the shoal,
Then a peace shall fill my soul.
By mountain or valley, where'er I go,
By grandsires and school-boys, old and young,
I shall hear my songs at twilight sung,
When my beard is as white as snow.

When the mystic, vast Iconoclast,
Stern Death with wide control,
Shall blow the blast on his trump at last
While waves of Lethe roll,
Then a calm shall fill my soul.
By city or hamlet, where'er I go,
By maidens and matrons, old and young,
I shall hear my songs at twilight sung—
When my beard is as white as snow.

When life's leaves fall fast, and its streams are glassed
With ice that reflects the scroll
Of the star-lore vast, I shall be classed
With those that heart-songs troll,
And a bliss shall fill my soul.
By forest or prairie, where'er I go,
By dreamers and toilers, old and young,
I shall hear my songs at twilight sung,
When my beard is as white as snow.

L'ENVOI.

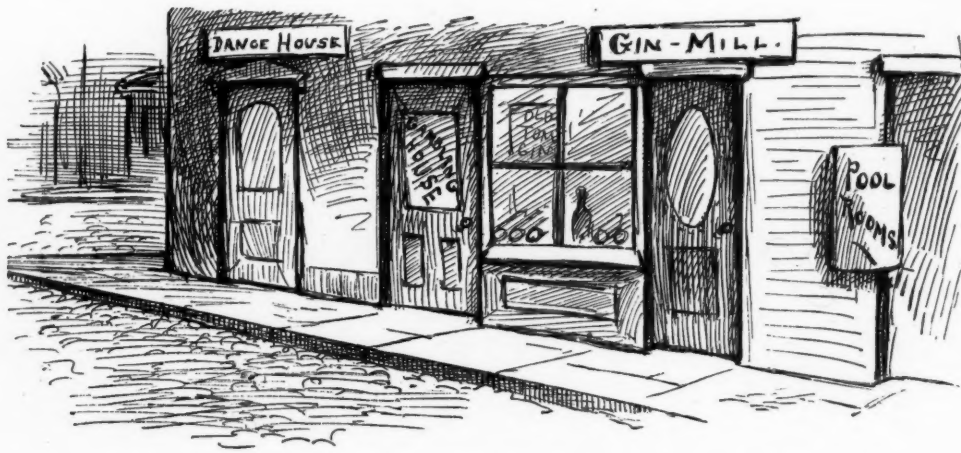
Critics! Why wait with praise so slow?
Though Fame may lag, yet this I know:
By Boston or London, where'er I go,
By poets or peasants, old and young,
I shall hear my songs at twilight sung—
When my beard is as white as snow.

C. C. STARKWEATHER.

THE EARLY CLOSING MOVEMENT.



EFFECT OF THE LAMPLIGHTERS' EARLY CLOSING MOVEMENT.



A FEW PLACES WHERE THE EARLY CLOSING MOVEMENT MIGHT WELL BE INAUGURATED.

THE OTHER SIDE.

THE following letter found its way into the office of PUCK last week:

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

Your cartoon and editorial comments on me, especially with reference to the Garfield assassination, are, I think, just a little severe; but I think you have simply fallen into error from not properly understanding my nature. I am not a snob, I am not a toady, I am not fond of getting my name in the papers, nor do I think that money is a substitute for everything. The fact is, I am rich and suffer from the possession of wealth just as much as those who have none at all. Why am I called a snob—the Prince of Snobs? Is it because I welcome with open arms foreigners to these often inhospitable shores? I am not a young man, and my experience is considerable. I have come in contact with all sorts and conditions of men, and I am aware that there is a strong tendency among Americans to give the cold shoulder to strangers. Am I to be blamed then if I receive with courtesy and cordiality new arrivals without regard to their nationality, although, as a matter of choice, I prefer Englishmen? Ought not this trait in my character be rather applauded than otherwise? What would some of these unfortunate strangers do, were it not for me?

Perhaps, sir, you are not aware that, as often as I find it convenient, I board every emigrant steamer that enters the port of New York to invite to dinner any respectable-looking emigrant that may take my fancy. This I have been doing quietly and unobtrusively for years, and the papers have never given me credit for it. The good I am doing in secret is incalculable, and I almost blush to admit it publicly through your columns.

Then I am always receiving abuse because I show occasionally a little attention to the titled foreigners, particularly English dukes and noblemen of that nation. This is most cruel and unjust. If I do not show them attention, who, I should like to know, is to do it?

The members of the British aristocracy, it is well known, have strong prejudices against America and American institutions. Now, my object has been to soften this bad feeling, to induce these gentlemen to visit this country, and to judge of it for themselves under my guidance. This is why the Duke of Argyle calls me his dear friend, this is why Count Ferdinand de Lesseps refers to me as "*un prince Américain*."

I think also that I may take credit to myself for all the marriages that have taken place be-



THE EARLY CLOSING MOVEMENT IN OUR STREET.

tween scions of British noble houses and American heiresses.

But the gravest charge that you make against me is that of erecting a monument to the late unfortunate Major André. I never can be brought to look upon this gentleman as a spy—he was to well-bred for that; and even if he were one it must be admitted that he did a great deal towards consolidating American independence.

As to my being a monopolist, a capitalist, and a director of Elevated Railroads, and the originator of a subscription to Mrs. Garfield, I admit that I am all of these—but it really is not my fault.

SIRUS W. FEELD.

We insert Mr. Feeld's letter and leave to our readers' judgement as to its being a sufficient defense to our charges.

ED. PUCK.

THE ONLY ALTERNATIVE.

At Coney Isle—

Well, I should smile!

But you can't even snicker

Over the froth:

You'll be wroth

Till you give up beer and "licker."

T. Q.

BICYCLING.

"Wheel" is a roadster of such mirthful mien,
To be high rated needs but to be seen;
And seeing oft, familiar with his pace,
We wobble first, then travel, and then *race*.

T. W. O.

FREE-LUNCH.

"WARM?" "Yes, it's swarm," said the visitor, brushing away the mosquitoes.

MANY of the country boys who are on green apple diet are beginning to prepare for the stage. They have already begun to double up in parts.

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard" is all very well; but if the sluggard will go to a picnic, the ant will come to him.

"AND would you believe it," said John Green, relating to an admiring crowd of rustics his adventures in the city: "everyone knew me. They'd say: 'Hello, Greeny, how's apples?' and lots of them called me Johnny."

At a party, the other evening, a young man named Johnson said something about "you can chew if you choose to." And Gilkerson immediately made for the door, and, when asked where he was going, said: he was going down to the barber's to get the joke shaved, it had hair on it.

How to make Strawberry *Shortcake*.—This is made very easily. All you have to do is to let the small boy in the kitchen ten minutes before dinner-time.

How to make Plum Pudding.—The best way to make this is to first find a ripe plum (one of these Englishmen who always say, "Hold Hengland is the country, you know"), and get an old Yank to sit down on him when he begins to talk about "Hengland." This makes very good Plum Pudding.

How to make Old Harry.—This kind of cake can be best made by the small boy of the house by creeping under the chair and tying his sister's beau's legs to the legs of the chair, and then going and informing the old man of the young man's whereabouts. When the youth rises to make a hasty retreat, he generally gets into a stew, and soon Old Harry is made.

How to make good Jam.—Procure a small horn—one of those that all small boys have about Christmas time—and go out on the streets at night and look up at the comet with it. In about four minutes there will be a crowd of about two thousand, every one asking if that's Professor Tellthetruth, and crowding and pushing you. You will then have all the Jam you wish.

TIM KICK.

SONNETS ON COLORS.

No. IX.—GRAY.—[No. 2.]

I knew beneath the town by kill and bay
That pallid ripples plashed on sheenless beaches,
And all the level ocean's windless reaches
Were dumb with mist: that all was cool and gray.
For morning's car made yet no disarray
In morning's clouds: nor held the desert street
White heralds of midsummer's swooning heat,
Nor any sign or promise of the day.
Yea, and I knew—why dear should this shade be
Save as to moths the hue of ruddy flame?—
That in her gray eyes ne'er should my eyes see
How love's dawn with its tender dayspring came,
Eyes with chill clearness of her tiring glass,
Depths wherein shades of shipwrecked souls repass.

A. E. WATROUS.

HER POETICAL COLOR.

The other night we walked—my love and I—
Past a saloon (I, penniless, unpaid,)
And, to draw her attention, passing by
The awful sign: "Ice-Cream and Lemonade,"
I said: "Dear love, what would your color be
If you a sonnet were to write for PUCK?"
She turned her sad, reproachful orbs on me,
And murmured: "Cream."*

MALCOLM DOUGLAS.

*I told her I was stuck.

COMETS AND THEIR TAILS.

BY OUR OWN P. ROCTOR.

THE hypothesis held by astronomers in the early ages that a comet traversing the heavens was simply the dog-star with an ignited coal-oil torch appended to its tail, as plausible as it appeared, was exploded in the latter part of the fifteenth century. Since then the study of the heavens has become so simplified, and carried to such a degree of perfection, that in our day, when a comet makes its appearance, no two astronomers entertain the same opinion in regard to the composition of its tail, albeit they may not vary more than ten millions of miles as to its length. To the unclothed eye, the tail of a comet may not appear more than thirty feet in length, when in reality it is more than thirty millions of miles long. This, however, is not as marvelous as if it looked to be more than thirty millions of miles long to the naked vision, and was really only thirty feet in length.

In ancient times the appearance of a comet was regarded as a forerunner of some great calamity. The superstitious believed that it heralded a national Green-back victory, an irruption of another English comic opera company, an international walking-match, or some other dire event; but, in this enlightened age, these erratic monsters of the heavens create no other alarm than to impel weak-minded people to commit suicide to escape an imagined catastrophe, and thus lighten the labors of the fool-killer. This illustration of the rapid progress of science is very encouraging.

By a singular coincidence, some of the most sanguinary wars of ancient and modern times have been preceded by a flaming comet in the skies, and the inference is irresistible that if the American Peace Society, whose members are engaged in the commendable work of establishing white-winged Peace throughout the length and breadth of the land, were to adopt measures to abolish comets from the firmament, or at least to prevent them from appearing to the people of our world, the grand object of their endeavors would be achieved. To bring such a laudable undertaking to a successful fruition would entail a vast amount of labor, but not as much, certainly, as to accomplish the same end by the means the Society is now employing.

It was a debatable question with some of the ancient scientists whether a comet's tail was provided with hair, the same as a dog's. Those who accepted the theory that the tail was as hot as molten metal, argued that such a degree of heat would singe all the hair off of the most healthy tail in existence. This belief has become quite general.

Frequently a comet appears very unexpectedly to astronomers, and they fail to recognize it, owing to the fact that its first discoverer forgot to put his trade-mark on it, or engrave his initials on its back, or it may thoughtlessly have permitted itself to be born without a strawberry-mark on its left arm.

Thousands of tailless comets are floating through space, and occasionally one is seen with the aid of a telescope; but, as a general rule, a comet without a tail is a disreputable affair, and is ashamed to show itself to the naked eye. If it undertook to play a "star" engagement, it would not draw a paying house once a week, and would be unable to liquidate its printing bills.

Prof. Slow, who has devoted years to the study of comets, and never goes gunning for 'em without coming home with his game-bag full, asserts that if a comet's tail weighing 23,000,000,000 tons, and traveling at the rate of 200,000 miles an hour, were to hit a man alongside of the head, he would never know it! If a man was struck with a feather, he wouldn't know it, either; but the tax collector would still know where to find him. This is the advantage of being struck by a comet.

In the middle ages comets assumed startling shapes. We are told that they appeared as swords of fire, bloody crosses, dragons, fish, uplifted arms wielding ponderous swords, etc., thus proving that the whiskey manufactured in those days was frightfully adulterated and copiously imbibed.

The very generally accepted theory that comets have no influence on things here below is not altogether in accordance with the facts. For instance, when a comet is a prominent object in the sky, hundreds of men go home at midnight, or later, with their legs bending and tottering under the heavy load of "hics" with which their speech is laden, and the only explanation they vouchsafe their wives is the scientific one that they have been making a spectroscopic analysis of the comet's spectrum. And the spect-rum has something to do with it. Some men can't look at a comet through a glass fifteen minutes without their voices becoming thickly interpolated with "hics," and whether this influence is due to the nucleus or the oldcleus has never been fully determined; but Prof. Huxley, in his exhaustive and exhausting work on "Nuclei and Nodes," vol. XXXII, p. 8463, says oldclei are in a large measure responsible for the phenomenon.

It is a well-known fact that if a comet's head was to be amputated from its tail, the latter would continue to move through space as if nothing had happened. The head, instead of returning, and hitching on to its severed appendage, would commence to grow out another tail. But the abandoned tail would not grow another head. This is one of the rules that won't work both ways. All scientists agree that it is easier to say what a comet's tail is not, than what it is; hence it is safe to assume that it is not composed of soda water, socialists' speeches, beer and other gaseous vaporings; albeit, its composition is believed to be extremely thin.

It is customary to bestow upon a comet the name of its discoverer—as Donati's comet, Halley's comet, etc.—therefore, when the comet of 1881—which was simultaneously discovered by police-men, newspaper reporters, boot-blacks, scientists and at least seventeen hundred other persons—returns in nineteen hundred and something, it will require one entire page of a newspaper to name it, but paragraphists will refer to it simply as the "Policeman-Bootblack-Smith-Reporter-Jones-et.-al. Comet."

In summing up, then, we may, without fear of contradiction, affirm that the tail of a comet, if not formed of the composition indicated—or, rather, if it is composed of matter of which we are not cognizant—appearing as a straw-colored garter in the heavens, foreshortened at the voltaic arc, the nucleus traveling in conjunction with its coma in their hyperbolic orbits, missing its elliptic sections, with rising barometer, winds veering west by north-east, and its conical tail 100° above zero, estimating the ratio of repulsion before reaching its perihelion equivalent to the velocity of its coma and semi-colon, and the—the—er—the, so to speak, medulla oblongata computed from the basis of its axis;—then, of course, as the reader must see, the compass of its nebular diminishes in luminosity, and becomes homogeneous after its polarization has attained its—its—er—the, as it were, focus of its orbit; and if, under these analogous conditions, the tail were to hit our earth, it would bust its crust.

Or words to that effect.

Much more might be said on the tail of a comet—if we could only get on the tail of a comet to say it.

J. H. W.

NOCTURNE.

I'm hid by the honeysuckles
And seem in fairyland,
Half a set of female knuckles
Are resting in my hand.

Her rings in the moonlight glisten,
Her sweet breath warms my cheek;
It seems that the flowers listen,
It seems the flowers speak.

The rose says timidly: "Mister,
Doth love your soul beguile?"
The lily, her so-called sister,
Replies: "Well, I should smile."

No goat on the stovepipe's dining,
All nature is at rest,
While her golden head's reclining
Upon my dollar vest.

In this nest of honeysuckles
I find love's fairyland,
With half of her total knuckles
Reposing in my hand. R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

AMUSEMENTS.

Among the galaxy of stars that coruscate at KOSTER & BIAL'S CONCERT HALL must be mentioned Edouard Remenyi, who makes the violin articulate in a manner calculated to cause one's hair to curl.

Mr. George H. Jessup's "Sam'l of Posen" is the hit of the summer season at HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE—attributable, to a great extent, to Mr. M. B. Curtis's clever personation of Sam'l.

We can't find anything very new to say about "The Mascotte," which is now not far off from its hundredth performance. The Wilbur Opera Company is responsible, and the BIJOU OPERA HOUSE is the theatre where it takes the responsibility upon itself.

Rudolf Bial's Grand Orchestra, at the METROPOLITAN CONCERT HALL, plays every night; but Mr. Bial himself has, of late, not been contributing much to the grandeur, owing to sickness. But we believe that he is now better, and a choice programme is, as heretofore, nightly discoursed, under his masterly baton.

One does not expect very much in the way of theatrical amusement at this season, but "The Professor," at the MADISON SQUARE THEATRE, gratifies its auditors. The fact is they haven't the energy to discriminate in July and August; and if they had, they would probably speak favorably of some parts of the play.

Answers for the Anxious.

HASELTINE.—Tell her ma.

C. E. W.—All right up to the present time—go ahead. Don't forget, though, that Cockburn and Holburn are barred. Try Marjoribanks.

W. K.—When you next compose another poem like "O Ariadne!" send it to Bloomingdale Asylum to be read to the lunatics. On the homeopathic principle, it ought to cure an aggravated case of acute mania.

S. J. W.—There is a white-robed angel who is waiting to see you on the other side of Jordan. It is the spirit of the man who died—died willingly—on reading your "joke." He is a big angel, and has taken out the back-bone of his harp to use for a club.

S. C. D., Adirondack P. O.—We thank you for sending us those puns. They brought us back to the pleasant days of innocent youth, when those merry jests had for us something of the flavor of originality. For a few brief, happy moments we forgot that we were grown up and had duties and responsibilities in this world—one of the duties being the extermination of punsters. We are just beginning to remember it.

"ONE OF THEM."—We print your letter, merely by way of warning to other people who speak before they think:

ROME, July 25th, 1881.

To the Editor of PUCK.—Sir:

I am a great admirer of your paper. * * * * * It is a great off-set to commencement essays and long addresses. In fact, it is the humorous paper of the world. But I have noticed that you mercilessly attack all shades of politics and politicians, all sorts of frauds and humbugs; but you have never attacked but *one religious denomination* [1.]—the *Jews*. They seem to be your especial butt; every bad trait, real or imagined, in their character, comes in for a share of your criticism, but none of their manifold good qualities ever become the subject of your neat cartoons. Now, did you ever deride the Presbyterians, the Methodists, the Baptists or the Unitarians? [2.] If so, I have never seen such articles in PUCK. [3.] Why this thushness? Possibly you do not know that the already deep prejudice in this section of the country may be increased even in such petty ways. Perhaps you do not know that no Jew ever sat on a jury in this county, although our officers swear to select men only with reference to their fitness for this duty? Perhaps you are not aware of the numberless annoyances suffered by Jews in this country through the unreasonable bigotry of an enlightened people? I really think if you *did know* all these things, you might turn your irresistible batteries of fun and sarcasm against these religious bigots, and not against the subjects of their fanatical prejudice.

ONE OF THEM.

[1.] We have never attacked *any* religious denomination. We have attacked the unworthy members of all denominations. [2.] Yes, whenever they deserved it. [3.] Probably you have not. You seem to have read PUCK very carelessly. We have never made fun of the Jews as a race, or of their religion. We have made fun of the follies and absurdities of Jews, just as we have made fun of the follies and absurdities of Christians and of atheists; and we shall continue to do so. Mr. One of Them, you are as yet in the daisy state of mental development. Don't try to flower too early.



OFFICE OF "PUCK" 23 WARREN ST. NEW YORK.

ENEMIES OF THE
COLUMBIA TO GARFIELD.—"They may annoy us; they



OF THE REPUBLIC.
they can't hurt us—we both have good Constitutions!"

SKETCHES OF VARIOUS "CRANKS."



POLITICAL "CRANK."



BUSINESS "CRANK."



OLD MAID "CRANK."



OLD BACHELOR "CRANK."



MINISTERIAL "CRANK."



REAL "CRANK."

MARRIED MISERIES.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR PUCK, BY ARTHUR LOT.

No. II.—Our Rural Home.

I HAD hired the house in the country which Mrs. Lot had selected, but, before doing so, I had suggested to her that she had better make a thorough examination of the place. "I have seen all that is necessary," responded she. "I drove past it when we went to Georgie's, and I like its appearance. Besides, Georgie has examined it, and she says that it is a very good country house. You go and hire it before some one else obtains it."

I did not believe that tenants were sitting up all night watching for an opportunity to get that house; but I obeyed orders and hired the house for a year.

As the house was vacant, we moved into it a few days before the first day of May.

Those fortunate individuals who have enjoyed the delights of moving only in a city, cannot appreciate the happiness which came to us. The usual Spring mud filled the country roads; it was so deep that the wheels of the wagons buried themselves up to their hubs at each revolution.

To add to our pleasure, one of the wagons was upset. Of course it was the one which should have been guarded most carefully. Mrs. Lot's favorite rocking-chair lost one of its arms, her dressing-bureau lost its handles and its mirror, her piano was knocked into smithereens, her best china—well, I spare you the recital. When Mrs. Lot's optics fell upon her wrecked household goods, she burst into a flood of tears. She looked like Dido weeping over the flitting of Aeneas, or Niobe, or some other of those ancient weepers. (I like classical allusions,

but it requires extensive study of the dictionaries to keep up a fellow's reputation for learning.) I begged the cartman to hurry away; that alone saved his life. Mrs. Lot is woman enough to burst into tears, but, after she has wept her weep, then look out.

We moved things around a little, on the theory that we were putting them to rights. Then Mrs. Lot sat down on the sewing-machine and remarked:

"Don't you think the girl had better start a fire in the heater? It will take the chill off of the house."

"What heater?" asked I.

"The heater in the cellar," answered she impatiently.

"There isn't any."

"No heater!" ejaculated she. "How are we to warm the house?"

"Probably the new company, which is to distribute heat, like gas, by the foot, will reach this place by next winter," suggested I.

Mrs. Lot looked sharply at me, but my face was as solemn as an owl's. She left me then and made little excursions to various parts of the house. Presently she returned.

"I cannot find the bath-tub," said she.

"Of course not, my dear! It is an axiom of philosophy that what does not exist cannot be found. There is no bath-tub."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed she. "How did the former tenants bathe themselves?"

"Probably they put one foot in a saucer, and washed one side of their bodies at a time," suggested I.

"Pshaw!" said Mrs. Lot.

"Oh, my dear," added I, "I am prepared to admit that they never did bathe. Some people are like cats; they seem to have no affinity for water."

"Don't you hear the water running in the kitchen?" asked she. "Surely the girl has carelessly left the water running."

"Don't worry about that," said I. "There's no water in the house."

"Where do we get water, then?" ejaculated she.

"There's a cistern in the back yard, and a pump at the bottom of the garden."

Mrs. Lot, thoroughly overcome, sat down on a trunk and reflected. Meanwhile, as the poet says, the shades of evening slowly closed around us.

"Light the gas," said Mrs. Lot in a gentle tone.

"There isn't any," suggested I.

"Gracious!" exclaimed she. "What are we to do for a light?"

"To-morrow we can buy some lamps, and then enjoy the radiance of the festive kerosene."

"But to-night—to-night?" exclaimed she.

"We'll sit up till we are tired of the dark, and then we'll go to bed."

Mrs. Lot did not say another word. I knew that she was weeping, but it was no part of my plan to console her. In fact, the worse the situation was the better I liked it. I hoped that she would insist upon moving back to the city.

Unfortunately my sister-in-law, Georgie, came to our new home on the following morning, and consoled Mrs. Lot by informing her that our place was a very good specimen of country houses. At the first opportunity I could find, I besought Georgie to refrain from encouraging Mrs. Lot to remain there.

"The truth is, Georgie," said I, "that I would be pleased to have her leave the place."

"And yet, if I remember correctly," said Georgie, "during the past year you often said that you liked to have me near you."

"Looking upon you, my dear Georgie," I responded, "as one of the adjuncts of civilization, it was very pleasant to have you at our house; but, if you banish a man to Alaska, do you suppose that the society of even a charming sister-in-law can console him for the loss of his accustomed comforts?"

"I don't know," replied Georgie with a laugh; "but I am so fond of your society that I mean to keep you and Mrs. Lot here, if I can."

I regret to add that she succeeded. If I had been left alone, I might have managed to inveigle Mrs. Lot back to the land flowing with Croton and gas, and electricity, and heat, etc.; but the two women proved too many for me. Again and again have I read, with unbounded admiration and astonishment, of the skillful manner in which that remarkable saint, the late lamented Brigham Young, used to manage forty or fifty better-halves. Well, different qualities are given to different men. Some fellows can manage with ease a dozen spirited horses, while others again can hardly struggle successfully with an old blind mule. However, it's a lucky thing for Brigham that he never annexed Mrs. Lot. If he had, she would have burst up that Mormon business quicker than Jersey lightning will scorch the throat, if she had not been allowed to run the machine.

Chaos began to give place to order before Mrs. Lot again referred to the shortcomings of our home. Now, though my wife sometimes yields to circumstances, yet that performance goes very much against her grain. She hates to be imposed upon; but she dislikes, above all things, to let the person who has imposed on her imagine that she is not aware of his tricks. Now I differ from her, because under such circumstances, I do not care to own up that I have been humbugged. Mrs. Lot concluded to remain in our new home, but she insisted that I should go and tell the landlord about the deficiencies of his house.

"But he knows all about them," said I.
"Then tell him to supply what is lacking."
"But, my dear, he won't do it."
"You don't know that," said she firmly.
"Experience teaches," said I. "Landlords haven't fallen into that habit."
"I don't care," said she. "You go and tell him about it."

In obedience to her orders, I went to our landlord.

"Mr. Smith," said I, "there's no gas in your house at Plaintown."

"Ah!" said he.
"And no water."
"There's a beautiful cistern."
"And no bath-room."
"Ah!"
"And no bath-tub."
"Ah!"
"And no heater."
"Ah!"

"And no storm-doors, no blind-doors, no piazza, no stationary wash-tubs, no range, no water-back, no dumb-waiter, no speaking-tubes, no telephone."

"You are amply correct, Mr. Lot," said he sadly.

That encouraged me, and so I remarked cheerfully:

"Those things should be there."

"They should be," said my landlord promptly.

"I have said that to every one of my tenants. And, Mr. Lot," added he, taking me confidentially by the lapel of my coat, "I tell you, as I have told every one of my tenants, I consent, in the fullest and freest manner I consent,

WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS—



'TIS FOLLY TO BE WEISSE.

to allow you to put any or all of those things in my house—"

"Ah," interrupted I, "and you will allow—"

"One moment," said he, interrupting me.

"I consent to allow you to put any or all of those things in my house—at your expense."

"Then you will not put them in?" I asked, quite chafallen.

"I have no present intention of doing so," said he; "but, if I should change my mind, I'll drop you a postal-card to that effect."

I detailed that conversation to Mrs. Lot.

"He's a brute!" said she quite positively.

Her observation may have been the exact truth, but nevertheless we remained there in our country home.

THE PÆAN OF PATTER.

Pete Patter wore a pair of clogs—
Our word we hope you'll trust;
That, when he danced upon the stage,
The audience saw dust.

In spangled tights he cased his limbs,
And ere his act was done,
The well-known line was realized—
"Two souls that beat as one."

Pete plied his pedals actively
To make the small boys shout,
And when good humor they were in,
Their favorite was called out.

In course of time Pete's knees got stiff,
From dearth of Nature's oil—
But at the last he kicked the air,
And shuffled off Life's coil.

—Erratic Enrique, in *N. Y. News*.

"BLUSHING HONORS THICK UPON"

PUCK ON WHEELS.

DR. PUCK:—This being the day set apart for the crack of doom, I feel that I cannot die happy without submitting a testimonial to the efficiency of PUCK ON WHEELS. I was myself troubled with despondency induced by inability to pay a maturing note. I seriously contemplated suicide. One application entirely cured me. I borrowed the money, paid the note, and will now be happy for at least thirty days. My wife and seventeen of the children were also sick unto death with despondency, caused by eating cucumbers. PUCK ON WHEELS cured them. There's nothing like it, and everybody should know that the book may be obtained of all newsdealers.

Thankfully yours,

STRAY SAND.—*Oil City Derrick*.

We are in receipt of PUCK ON WHEELS. The cover represents Puck in his usual dress. But it is a mean book after all. A good old deacon who had not smiled for fifteen years called in our office the other day to convert

our "devil," and we let him see a copy of this new book. He went into laughing hysterics, and had to be conveyed home on a dray. As soon as he revives he will commence action against us for bodily injury. We in turn shall arrest Messrs. Keppler & Schwarzmann, the publishers, for leading us into trouble, and a great suit may be expected. If your life is insured, and you want to do your family a great good by giving them a chance to get the insurance money, send 25 cents to PUCK, New York, for a copy of this book.—*Fulton Times*.

PUCK ON WHEELS arrived day before yesterday, and that is the reason why a great many things that we promised to "put in" this week are left out. You see we stopped work right off, tipped back our easy chair and prepared to laugh, and we did laugh. It is by far the neatest mélange of genuine wit and humor of the year. PUCK ON WHEELS for this summer is dedicated to the hotel clerk, that "foster-child of Toughness and cold Cheek." The sporting department is what we might term excruciatingly funny and—but, pshaw! we do not propose to give a table of contents when you can buy it anywhere for 25 cents.—*Detroit Chaff*.

We were about to notice the receipt of PUCK ON WHEELS, when information reached us that the first edition had been exhausted. We have no desire to aggravate Messrs. Keppler and Schwarzmann by creating a demand

through this puff which the publishers will be unable to supply in next edition; but even at the risk of disappointing one in ten of our "numerous readers," we cannot conscientiously refrain from advising them to secure this admirable summer solace at an outlay of two York shillings.—*Camden Daily Post*.

"I imagine that the best criticism to be made on PUCK ON WHEELS is that it is simply the essence of PUCK with the large cartoons left out. By this time it has, beyond a doubt, been so widely circulated, and so universally read, that to give an extended criticism of it were 'to paint the lily and gild refined gold.' As an established headquarters of American humor, PUCK's reputation has become fixed. And to parody those beautiful words, it will soon be, if it is not now, 'first in fun, first in jollity, and first in the laughter of its countrymen.'"—*T. B. Dorsey, in Baltimore Every Saturday*.

PUCK ON WHEELS No 2 is out in all its panoply of humor. The illustrations are unusually good, and the letter-press is enlivened by "Quibble Yarrow," Munkit-trick, Starkweather, Croffut, T. H. Robertson and other journalistic comedians.—*N. Y. News*.

PUCK ON WHEELS lies on our table, and it is an "immense thing on wheels." It is full of funny sayings, sensible sarcasms and pointed paragraphs, and will do a sick man more good than all the physicians in town. It is worth fifty times the price to any one.—*Puducak (Ky.) Enterprise*.

The only way to do full justice to PUCK ON WHEELS for 1881 is to read it from beginning to end. The man or woman who does this will be granted free immunity from a doctor's bill, certainly for one year.—*Meriden Recorder*.

PUCK ON WHEELS No. 2 is now abroad in the land, and newsagents will supply them to the hungry at 25 cents.—*Laramie City Boomerang*.

We have just received PUCK ON WHEELS from its publishers in New York. It is the best annual ever issued from a printing press, and that is saying a good deal. Buy a copy.—*Guelph (Canada) Daily Herald*.

Copies of PUCK ON WHEELS (No 1), for 1880, may still be had by prompt application to the International News Company, 31 Beekman Street, N. Y., or to PUCK Office, 21 and 23 Warren Street, N. Y.

Don't physic, for it weakens and destroys, but use Hop Bitters, that builds up, up!

FINE SILK HATS, \$3.20; worth \$5.00; DERBIES, \$1.90; worth \$3.00. 15 New Church Street, up Stairs.

GOOD BABIES.

'Tis a jolly day from East to West,
For children thrive, and mothers rest,
The darling girls all named Victoria,
And, with the boys, they have CASTORIA.
It is a fact, there is no "maybe,"
A mother's milk can't save the baby,
While sweet CASTORIA digests their food,
Gives them health and makes them good.

ROSS'S ROYAL BELFAST GINGER ALE,
ORIGINAL IMPORTED.

SAFEST DRINK IN HOT WEATHER, NON INTOXICATING.

SUNSTROKE.

NEW ORLEANS, June 16th, 1881.

No case of sunstroke need be fatal if prompt measures, as detailed below, are followed.

During the extraordinary hot summer of 1868 I was in charge of the St. Louis Transfer Company's teams, and we employed 130 men. These men were exposed to the burning rays of the sun nearly all day long, and several were sun-struck. In every case the treatment I followed was successful. I took the patient into the shade, set the body upright, took bucketfuls of ice water and poured them over the head, at the same time putting into the stomach large doses of Brown's Essence of Jamaica Ginger.

The application of the cold water cooled the heated brain, but without a reaction, there would have been congestion of the brain and sudden death. The strong extract of Ginger, better than brandy, caused this immediate reaction and sent the warm blood back into the cooled brain.

In each and every case the patient was enabled, after two hours rest, to mount his wagon and drive to the stables.

I adopted the same treatment to a well-known gentleman of St. Louis who had fallen one severely hot day at 1 P. M. In an hour he was himself again.

This treatment is so simple that almost any person can apply it, but it must be applied at once. No time must be lost running for a doctor or for the Charity Hospital wagon.

Take the patient into the nearest shady spot and go to work upon him as directed, and he, or she, will come out all right.

After they have regained consciousness, which will be in less than half an hour, they can be supplied, moderately, with cool water.

With this treatment promptly and fearlessly administered, no single case of sunstroke need be fatal. With respect,

J. G. FOUNTAIN.

—The New Orleans Weekly Picayune.

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Royal Owl Cigarettes, ALL HAVANA TOBACCO,

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Philippine Dieffenbach-Truchsess.
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If matters continue to progress in the same line as they have lately, we may expect to wake up some morning and read telegrams like the following: "Queen Victoria feels no anxiety. Windsor Castle is guarded by 200,000 men. No nitro-glycerine has been found in the royal apartments since last Monday. Some villain put dynamite into the Prince of Wales's horse on Tuesday, and when out riding in the Long Walk the animal blew up. The Prince was thrown violently into the air, but landed safely on the top of one of the beautiful Druid oaks. He afterwards drove down to Eton and took lunch with Dr. Goodford." "BERLIN, August 21st.—Emperor William just found four pins in a mutton chop; they were all loaded with arsenic and cleverly bored out. He gave the chop to a pet dog, which bolted it and died in three minutes. The Emperor is in excellent spirits." ST. PETERSBURG, August 22d.—Entire royal family blown up. Buried Alexander the Third's left ear—all that could be found of him. Requiem Mass held for the missing portions. Back-comb of Czarina found four miles out of town. Requiem will be held and back-comb put in coffin. Some singed hair found in Siberia, supposed to belong to Prince Dolgorowskiwitz, will be buried on arrival. No news of any importance."—*San Francisco News Letter*.

THE man who claims to be in possession of the first bullet fired at the President, says it went through his clothing and was stopped by a medal which he has worn on his breast for twelve years. That is where he made a very great mistake. If he had reported that he had a copy of the revised edition in his pocket, and that the bullet stopped in it at the passage where the words "thou shalt not bear false witness," etc., appear, it would have looked more reasonable.

P. S.—If the words quoted above are not in the Revised Edition, some others may be substituted. We are not particular about a little thing like that.—*Oil City Derrick*.

It is becoming unfashionable out West to commit suicide. When a man or woman is tired of life, he or she attends a picnic and partakes of the lemonade or ice-cream prepared for the occasion. This saves the expense of poison, and there is less stigma attached to the act.—*Norristown Herald*.

It is reported that Loring will continue Le Duc's experiments at raising tea. He not only expects to raise an article that looks less like tea than that Le Duc produced, but he may be able to make it taste worse and be sure to make a man deathly sick. He is bound to beat Le Duc's record.—*Boston Post*.

Shan't I take a Blue Pill?

No, don't take it and run the risk of mercurial poisons, but when bilious and constipated get a box of the celebrated Kidney-Wort and it will speedily cure you. It is nature's great remedy for constipation, and for all kidney and liver diseases. See adv.

Hub Punch—Excursions and Parties.

With this article ready, a bowl of very delicious punch can be brewed impromptu.

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also the name of the proprietors under the capsule over the cork
of each bottle. All infringements will be promptly prosecuted.

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"When the white father starts the music, we
waltz to it.

"We have been asked to irrigate the country
here and hoe corn like the white man. Our
hearts are heavy, and we cannot promote the
string-bean. We will do what is right, but we
cannot work. The Indian cannot hunt the
potato-bug when the deer and antelope are
ripe. He cannot dig post-holes in the hot sun
when the chance calls upon him to go forth
into the forest.

"Here, where we have roamed through the
tall grass and hunted the deer and buffalo, the
pale-face asks us to dig irrigation ditches and
plow the green earth with a rebellious mule.

"Here, where our war-cry has been answered
back by the giant hills, we are told to whack
bulls and join the church.

"They come to us and tell us to go to school
and wear pants. They ask us to learn the lan-
guage and go to Congress. They send men to
us who want us to learn to spell and wear sus-
penders.

"We cannot do this. We are used to the
ways of our people. Our customs are as old
as the universe. We scratch our backs against
the mountain pine as my people did a thousand
years ago. We cannot change. We can leave
our land, but we cannot change our socks every
spring and do as the white man does.

"We can go away from our homes and live
in a strange land, but we cannot wear open-
back shirts and lead in prayer.

"Warriors, we will go to the land our white
father has given us. We will take our squaws
and our yellor do.s, our wigwams and our fleas.

"We will go to our new home beyond the
river now, and when the autumn comes we will
take a bridal tour back to this country.

"We will construct a holocaust, whatever
that is, and spatter the intellectual faculties of
the ranchers all over the country.

"This is all. I am done. I have made my
remarks. I have twittered my twit."—*Bill*
Nye, in Laramie City Boomerang.

AN Austin man wants to bet that he can
sleep for a week. All he has to do is to hire
himself out in a store that does not advertise.
—*Texas Siftings.*

[Fall River (Mass.) Daily Herald.]

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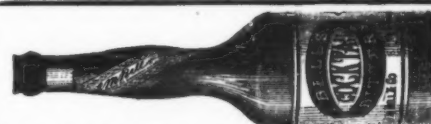
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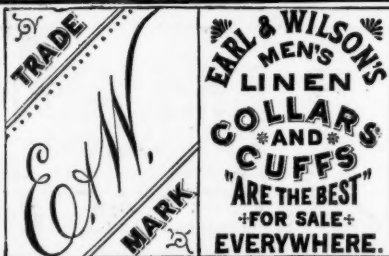
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THE Danbury News tells of a cat being chloroformed to death, buried in the garden, and a rosebush planted over its remains. "The next morning the cat appeared at the door to be let in, and had the rosebush under its arm." We wouldn't lie that way for two dollars a day. We should have told a more plausible story, and made the rosebush appear at the door, scratching to get in, with the cat under its arm.—*Norristown Herald.*

OCCASIONALLY we hear of children being eaten by rats. It seems to us that we are not availing ourselves of the compensations there might be in Chinese citizenship by failing to establish schools for the training of children in the art of rat-eating.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

PETROLEUM V. NASBY was at the last Derby, and he writes home that everybody was drunk. We have seen men picked up on the streets here who thought the whole police force on a bender.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE goats in the large cities will probably hold a glorification meeting. Hoop-skirts are coming into fashion, and all fears of a famine among goats for some years are dissipated.—*Norristown Herald.*

THE law of Maine sends a man to jail for thirty days for getting drunk. We manage affairs different in Pennsylvania. For a similar offense we send him to the Legislature.—*Phila. Chronicle-Herald.*

KING KALAKAUA denies that he wants to sell the Sandwich Islands. We may have been misinformed; perhaps it is Wales who wants to sell the British Empire.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

A NEW JERSEY horse has committed suicide by eating Paris green. This evidence of advanced thought upon the part of a Jersey horse is remarkable.—*N. Y. Commercial Adv.*

A WESTERN base ball game was recently opened by prayer offered by the umpire. This is a new use of prayer, but perhaps a necessary one.—*New Haven Register.*

A NEW novel is entitled "No Gentleman." Who would ever suppose that a St. Louis editor would become the hero of a novel?—*Boston Post.*

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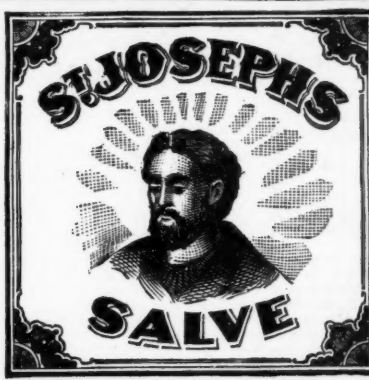
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THERE is nothing like dealing with a discreet
market man, after all.

"My ownest own," said Mr. Nipsree to his
wife, the other day, as he returned from an
alleged trout fishing excursion of three days,
"did you receive those splendid fish I sent you
from Lake Chabot the other day?"

Mrs. N. transfixed the base deceiver with a
look that made him feel as though an ice water
Bridal Vail fall was running down his spine,
and replied:

"I received some fish, I believe, but the
market man also left word that he had gotten
your telegram, but as he hadn't enough fresh
water trout he sent you some first rate codfish
instead."

"D-d-id, eh?" stammered the wretched Bene-
dict.

"Yes, he did, and now, sir, perhaps you'll be
good enough to explain—"

But we draw a veil over the horrid picture.
—*San Francisco Post.*

AND now, not being satisfied with what the
long-suffering public has already endured, a new
kind of idiot in New York is out with a chal-
lenge offering to sleep more consecutive hours
in six days than any one else for \$2,500 and
the champion belt, through a champion night-
cap would seem to be an emblem more to the
purpose. All the same the trophy as good as
belongs to California already, for as we go to
press it has been decided to send on to com-
pete our Street Superintendent and a San José
policeman.—*San Francisco Post.*

"Oh, doctor, I'm so glad you've come. I
don't know what's the matter with Charley, at
all. He complains of the febrile rise in his
peritoneum, and he says his hypochondrion is
all twisted out of shape. Oh, he's an awful
sick boy, doctor."

"I should say. Must have been reading the
presidential bulletins." The doctor leaves a
Seidlitz powder and departs.—*N. H. Register.*

ONE of the most practical suggestions for
determining the location of the assassin's bullet
in the President's body comes from Phila-
delphia. It recommends placing Guiteau where
the President stood in the depot and firing a
shot into him with the pistol which he used,
from the position where he stood when he shot
the President, and then cutting up and tracing
the course of the ball.—*Buffalo Express.*

AN epigrammatist says: "It is only when we
die that we begin to live." No one should
censure us, therefore, for saying that we should
like to see Guiteau "begin to live" right away.
—*Norristown Herald.*

IF GARFIELD should recover, and Mrs. Gar-
field refuse to accept the purse of \$250,000,
how would it do to give Mrs. Abraham Lincoln
thirty-five or forty cents of it?—*Oil City Derrick.*

THE interior of the earth is supposed to be
at a molten heat. Hasn't the old thing been
trying to turn itself inside out for the past two
weeks?—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

A KANSAS paper reports the case of a man
having two hearts. Wonder if he could be
sued for bigamy for marrying twice?—*Phila.
Kronicle-Herald.*

[Indianapolis (Ind.) Farmer.]
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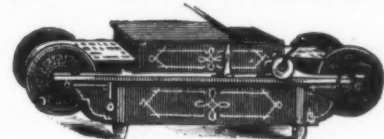
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